

Journalism - Anti-Oedipus as Sociology and Economics of Postmodernity

By Shomit Sirohi

I. A Recording Process

From the old American record companies, to Sony and now Deterior – American capitalism is about this process – which in a brief moment was cassettes and modernism – but of course postmodernism records differently – it is all recording processes of each miser, and his flows – his flows then have connectivities – what is called a small business company or many such entrepreneurs of the self – postmodern flows are decentered flows of in fact recording the track as Oslo 21st August – this records the culture of Oslo (no longer le Feu Follet) – you see the difference between the recording of French new wave and its historical vintage of an Aegyptologist and a Existentialist even militant revolutionary – is now a Lavender Haze which then is new music and is about the eternal now-time of such moments – when Sirohi talks this way, he liberates the postmodern production process as definitely superstructural liberties of world-civil society republic – all a bit to transcritical this process of taking a film shifting to a photo-moment all these flash booths which then is the moment which goes everywhere.

II. A Film Process

Postmodernists are opposed to just the notional heights of capital – the heights of plan of organisation stuff – we are flows, waves, decentered flows, rhizomes – even traffic is a rhizome and all of this is then everywhere and around – like a party. I have got this day feeling modernist complain – I am also in the plan of organisation – the simple view on sociology is then video-philosophy at night – a film on the day is actually a scope which is rounded and capturing Oslo 21st August during the day all of this is called film and economics. Soviet Union was talking about Film and Marx – that daily life is captured in exchange and that is a real process of economic transcritique – in fact, in fact, we laugh – that the process is cinematic.

III. Plan of Organisation – how will we live forever?

In postmodernity, only the moment matters – that night when you told me, Everything.